

# MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers

DETROIT, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1883.

PRICE, \$1 65 PER YEAR

VOLUME XIV.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE"

NUMBER 51

**CONTENTS.**

Agricultural—Notes by the Way—Forest Hill Farm—What Can't Do—The Goat—Sheep—Fawn—Cattle—Beef & Fat Circuit—Stock Notes  
 Farm Matters—Farmers' Association of Antwerp and Paw Paw—The Milk Room—Keeping Turnips—Half of the Herd—A New Title Ditcher—Agricultural Items  
 Horticulture—The Quince—Southern Ideas on Peach Culture—Effect of Sulphur Upon Plants—House Plant Enemies—Horticultural Notes  
 Apiculture—State Bee-Keepers' Convention...  
 Bittern—Whale—Oven and Other Dairy Products—Wool—Silk—Satin—Macramé—The Michigan State Agricultural Society—Texas Cattle Fever.....  
 News Summary—Michigan—General—Foreign Farm Law—More Fence Laws....  
 To Whom Do Lines Belong?.....  
 Poetry—A Conqueror's Old Song.....  
 Miscellaneous—Tom Kilroy—Turkey—The Secret Mrs. Favers—A Conductor's Reminiscences A Terrible Prophesy.....  
 The Man Who Pays—The Blockhead—Racing on the Front—The Man Who Pokes in the Fire—Street Vendor—Clash?.....  
 Household—A Breath of Fresh Air—Extravagance vs. Economy—Keep It Before the People—A Query—Moths—Useful Recipes.....  
 Veterinary—Tetanic Cattle Fever—Cuticular Disease—Indigestion—Plaster of the Lip, Tumors in Dentition—A Letter of Inquiry.....  
 Commercial.....

**Agricultural.**

**NOTES BY THE WAY.**

Convention of the Shorthorn Breeders of Macomb County.

On Thursday last the annual meeting of the Macomb County Shorthorn Breeders Association was held in the parlor of the Commercial Hotel, Romeo. At 10:30 a.m. the meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. John McKay. The Secretary being absent, A. H. Canfield, of Mt. Clemens, was chosen Secretary pro tem., and read the minutes of the last annual meeting, after which the Treasurer, Mr. Robt. McKay, presented his annual report. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, John McKay; Vice President, Jno. F. Hagaman; Secretary, A. H. Canfield; Treasurer, R. McKay. After the election, State Senator J. W. Norton, of Oakland County, was called upon, and spoke a few minutes on his experience in feeding cattle, and the difference he had discovered between improved and native stock. He had never owned any Shorthorn cattle, but regarded them as the best suited to the wants of the general farmer. He thought such meetings as this should be encouraged as a means of extending information among farmers and interesting them in the improvement of their domestic stock. A recess was then taken till 1 o'clock. Upon reassembling, the room was completely filled with members and visitors from Macomb and adjoining Counties. Among those present we noticed Wm. Ball of Livingston, Amos F. Wood of Mason, A. S. Brooks, J. Van Hoosen, J. Barwise and Wm. Graham of Oakland County, and Messrs. G. W. Phillips, J. C. Thompson, Adrian Taylor, Wm. Jenney, Robt. Milliken, Chas. Phillips, L. Parmelee, B. Poole, L. S. Edison, B. Davidson, N. G. Reid, S. F. Ferguson, H. T. Bancroft, Jas. Crawford, Dr. J. E. Barringer, E. G. Perkins, and a number of others whose names we did not get, all from Macomb County. The first business on the programme was a paper from Mr. Wm. Ball, President of the State Shorthorn Breeders' Association, entitled "Breeding and Care of Shorthorns." Mr. Ball's paper was quite lengthy, and was a plain and practical exposition of his views upon the breeding of cattle and their care. He said the entire subject assigned him could not be covered in short paper, and he therefore satisfied himself by merely alluding to various points that would require much time and a great deal of practical and general knowledge to go into thoroughly. He referred to the three classes of theories held by breeders generally, each one asserting the value of his own particular hobby and decrying that of the others. These were in-breding, type or line breeding, and the crossing of animals of different blood. He referred to the system of the early breeders of Shorthorns, and took the ground that the best Shorthorns to-day were animals not bred in lines or families, but the result of cross-breeding these families. He instanced the case of the Cruckshank cattle, now so popular, and the gradual extinction of such families as the Bates Duchesses, whose breeders had always regarded them as a sort of aristocracy, to be kept pure from an admixture of other blood. His plan was a strong one for breeding from the best animals, no matter what their family, so long as it was certain they were Shorthorned Shorthorns. He next referred to their care and management and said the good qualities of the breed were largely the result of good care and management, and that no one could expect to succeed who did not continue to give what their breeding demanded. Good animals always paid for good care.

Mr. Amos F. Wood opened the discussion on this paper. He said in breeding no two men's experiences were the same, and such a meeting as this was the place to come and hear different men's views. It was certain that with our high priced lands no farmer in Michigan could afford to breed and feed a poor animal. He believed we should aim to breed animals

with the most good qualities, and in cattle he thought this was the Shorthorn. In this State, with its growing dairy interests, cattle that could combine both milk and beef were the only ones that could be permanently successful. He took issue with the paper read in regard to the value of the different families of Shorthorns. His impression was that animals bred in line were not only the most impressive, but combined, as a rule, more good qualities. The pampering of the Duchesses family by men who did not understand breeding was the cause of their sterility, not line breeding. Their produce had been used to improve the standard of some of the best families known, and they always did it. He showed instances where they did not want to breed them. He preferred using their labor, and paying them for it. He was decidedly of the opinion that the ordinary farmer should stick to the grades.

Mr. Phillips combated the opinions of Mr. Canfield warmly. He knew from experience that the thoroughbred Shorthorn could stand more grief and do better on less food than a native. Had tested the endurance of each many times.

L. S. Edison supported the views of Mr. Canfield ingeniously, and thought the farmer should stick to the grades as best adapted for this purpose.

B. Pool said he never bred any Short horns, but he had been feeding cattle for some years, and the result had been so greatly in their favor that he always wanted them if they were to be had. In shipping, drovers had told him that his finest steers, pure bred Shorthorns, had stood up better and showed less shrinkage than any others. He should get the best breed steers he could for feeding, and the nearer they were to the thoroughbred the better.

A number of others supported this statement of Mr. Poole's, among them Mr. Van Hoosen, who showed how easily and cheaply farmers could secure thoroughbred stock, so that the investment would be but little more than for natives, by the purchase of a female or two, with the certainty of much better returns for the care and capital. He spoke from experience.

Mr. Phillips asked Mr. Canfield which he would take if the cattle were offered him at the same price. "Thoroughbreds, certainly," said Mr. Canfield, without a moment's hesitation. "But," said he, "I wanted you breeders to discuss this question, and my paper was written to draw you out?" There was a general laugh at this, for the discussion was getting quite warm, every one present seeming anxious to take a hand in.

The meeting then broke up, all highly pleased with the way in which the day had been spent.

Mr. A. H. Canfield read a paper on "Which is Preferable for the Ordinary Farmer, Thoroughbred or Grade Stock?" Mr. Canfield favored the grade. The thoroughbred has been spoiled by pampering, and lacks constitution. Crossed on the native stock the latter gave the constitution. He liked to have thoroughbreds near him so he could use them; but he did not want to breed them. He preferred using their labor, and paying them for it. He was decidedly of the opinion that the ordinary farmer should stick to the grades.

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**FOREST HILL FARM.**

Knowing that David P. Wilcox, of Riley, Clinton Co., was advertising his herd of Shorthorns and his large farm for sale, in your columns, and being in near locality, we decided on interviewing him, that thereby your many readers might know of them and it. Reaching his home at a late hour in the afternoon by an overland drive of fifteen miles, we fortunately found him home and ready to answer our inquiries, and show his farm and stock. We find that he settled on the former twenty-nine years ago, coming from that land of steady habits, the State of Connecticut, and immediately commenced clearing the land and building him a house upon the 300 acres that now comprise it. The farm is finely located, only twelve miles from St. Johns, a thriving business village and the county seat. Two hundred acres in one body lies upon the east side of the road, and is in a fine state of cultivation, has a gravelly loam with clay subsoil, produces richly and is well fenced. On the west side is the other 100 acres, and upon which is his two story square frame house built ten years ago, and 26x36 and 16x32, well finished, and cellar under main part. Among the buildings we looked at is a barn 36x64, shed 16x50, basement used for stabling, the upper part for hay and grain, with one drive floor, painted and standing on a substantial stone wall, a carriage house 16x30, built two years ago. Pig run and corn house together 24x30 and a barn 50x32, erected three years ago for hay, grain and stabling, and one 30x55 for sheep. The buildings are all in good shape and condition. Of the 100 acres 30 are heavy timbered land, forming and being kept as an admirable wind break from the western winds, and containing a thrifty maple sugar bush of 400 trees. The balance is splendid pasture land, kept solely for that purpose, well watered by Spring Brook, that furnishes an unlimited supply, being fed from springs, and gives ample range for his herd of thoroughbred Shorthorns and grades that we saw roaming in the bountiful growth of grass at this late fall day. He tells us that he has been breeding very high for many years, and has shown his cattle at the county fair of Clinton with one or two exceptions for twenty-five years; and has been breeding thoroughbreds for the last six years. His first purchase was Gen. Custer 26631. He was sired by Oxford Argyle 20534, with Red Star by John Glister 8464 for dam. His next was Florian 3d, a Young Mary by Oxford Argyle 20534, dam Florian 2d by 3d Duke of Hillsdale 9864. At present we see Young Viola, a Young Mary by Oxford Argyle 20534, dam Viola 7th by 2d Duke of Hillsdale 9863, tracing to imp. Mary Whittaker by His Highness 2175 etc. She is red and white, weighs 1,600 lbs., is a square fine cow, broad loin, level back, heavy quarters, fine head, a

good breeder and has never failed to produce a calf since two years old, which have always sold at high prices. The roan Juno is seven years old, a Rose of Sharon, was bred by Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, was sired by Geneva's Airdrie 18889 dam, Bessie by Favorite 6928—6th dam Laura by Comet Holley (1855)—8th Nannie by Emperor (1974) etc., is of good size, level broad back, clean and smooth, good in general points. Maid of Forest Hill is red with white, and 5 years old, was bred by Wm. Ball; at time of purchase was in calf, got by Mazurka Duke 23994, dam Florian 2d, Oxford Argyle 20534, 6th dam Splendida by Old Splendor 24164, has good bone and heavy quarters, fine head, good soft hinder and an excellent breeder. The 2d Maid of Forest Hill is five years old, red and white, was bred on the farm, as well as the balance of the stock. She was sired by Gen. Custer, dam Juno by Geneva's Airdrie 18889; 3d Maid of Forest Hill is red, four years old, by Gen. Custer 26631, dam Young Viola, etc., is a splendid animal and well put up; 4th Maid of Forest Hill is four years old, was sired by Mazurka Duke 23994, dam Florian 2d, 7th Maid is a two-year-old roan, dam of Duke of Forest Hill 32364, dam 2d Maid of Forest Hill. Among the yearlings are the 8th Maid, same sire as above and Maid of Forest Hill for dam; and the 10th Maid, sired by 2d Duke of Forest Hill 38372, Juno for dam. The 7th Duke of Forest Hill is two years old, stands at the head of the herd, is red with little white, was sired by Duke of Forest Hill 32364, Maid of Forest Hill for dam, is a rather tall and splendid stock getter. Among the calves we notice the young 13th Duke that was sired by the 5th Duke 4401, with Maid of Forest Hill for dam; he is red with white, was calved the first of June, is a splendid young animal, hardly for his age second to any we have seen. He is a magnificent creature and is worthy a lengthy look at. He must mature into a very valuable animal. There are four young bulls and three heifer calves, all straight, fine, clean and from the best dams in the herd. This herd will bear inspection both as to relative individual merit and breeding, from those desiring to add to their present herds or who contemplate starting herds. We also saw a flock of 275 high grade sheep, where the ewes are very even, and a large party of good even lambs, as he uses thoroughbred rams. The four year old R. B. Carus 33 is registered in Vermont, sired by E. J. & E. W. Hardy 38, dam R. B. Carus 17; also A. J. Townner 55, sired by Son of Centennial F. & L. E. Moore, Vt., and purchased from Wm. Ball, is of good size, well covered with good dense staple, and shears over 20 lbs. He has graded his sheep for ten years from the best bucks he could get. As we look this stock and farm over we are sure they are all good, the stock, the soil, the buildings and surroundings, and we leave much pleased with our visit.

ON THE WING.

**WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH GOOD STOCK.**

A Kalamazoo Sheep Breeder Gives his Experience for the Benefit of his Farmer Friends.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I herewith give you report of sales from my flock of sheep since Oct. 15th: To W. D. Drew, Otsego, a yearling ram; to Mr. Barber, Alamo, a two-year-old ram; to W. O. Packard, South Haven, stock ram "Pioneer," and one ewe; to Henry Earl, Plainwell, one ewe; to Thomas Phillips, a yearling ram; to C. M. Donagway, a yearling ram; to J. D. Summer, Kalamazoo, a yearling ram; to John Kendall, Kalamazoo, a yearling ram; to A. M. Bennett, Alamo, eight yearling ewes; to Ralph Richmond, Plainwell, five ram lambs; to Rumble Bros., Plainwell, 15 ewes, and seven ram lambs.

I wish to say for the benefit of those who may be doubting and hesitating as to the propriety of investing in a good flock of sheep, as I did for some time) that four years ago last April, I bought 72 thoroughbred ewes. Two years ago last February, I bought 37 more. I have sold from the flock since starting 163 sheep, rams and ewes; I have now on hand 70 breeding ewes, 20 ewe lambs, eight ram lambs and 23 one and two year old rams, or 121 in all. My gross receipts, from sales of wool and sheep, have been a little more than three times the amount paid for sheep, and my flock are worth to-day double the sum I have paid out for sheep.

And this in the face and front of prejudice, concerning the merits, and advantages of breeding good stock instead of "scrubs," by the majority of farmers with whom I had to deal. In a locality where good stock is more generally appreciated, much better results could have been realized; but I am quite happy to note progress in this particular. Many are getting their eyes open that "stone blind" a few years ago.

S. B. HAMMOND.

Those in want of Bronze Turkeys can secure them by addressing J. G. Hayden, Cassopolis, Mich.

**CHRISTMAS BEEF.**

It was quite a relief to the representative of the FARMER at the Central Yards, who for several months past has been feasting his eyes on stock which is designated by the buyers as "scralls," "hoppers," "crockery crates" etc., to take a walk through the yards and see some specimens of Michigan cattle that could not be excelled in any section of the country. It showed that while a majority of our farmers were still engaged in raising scralls, there were some that had found out that it paid much better to produce good grades. The receipts on Saturday showed a fair proportion of very choice cattle, with Livingston County ahead.

Messrs. Switzer & Ackley, the well-known drovers, had in the largest number, and among them were several that had been fed by the Switzer Bros., A. C. and Chas., of Howell. Of these, five two-year-old steers were of fine quality, with good forms; well fatted, fine-boned and averaged 1,800 pounds. Although the Switzer Bros. are among the heaviest handlers of live stock who do business in Detroit, they find time to run a good farm, and these steers give ample evidence that they understand the philosophy of feeding. From Wm. McPherson, of Howell, they purchased 7 two-year-old steers that were a credit to the feeder and would please the eye of any butcher. They were only excelled in style and finish by one fed by his brother. They averaged 1,376 pounds. George Wilhelm, of Howell, helped to make up this drove and add to its appearance with six very nice yearlings that averaged 1,166 pounds. David Dutton, also of Howell, put in seven yearlings that were good enough for anybody, which averaged 1,086 pounds. Lewis Fitch furnished a very choice heifer and a steer that averaged 1,340 pounds, and Mr. R. Wrigglesworth, of Cochoat, sent a heifer that would be hard to beat which weighed 1,330 lbs. John Love, of Howell, put in two year-old steers and a heifer for his age second to any we have seen. He is a magnificent creature and is worthy a lengthy look at. He must mature into a very valuable animal. There are four young bulls and three heifer calves, all straight, fine, clean and from the best dams in the herd. This herd will bear inspection both as to relative individual merit and breeding, from those desiring to add to their present herds or who contemplate starting herds. We also saw a flock of 275 high grade sheep, where the ewes are very even, and a large party of good even lambs, as he uses thoroughbred rams.

After looking this lot over, Messrs. Beach & Wing took us in hand and walked us among some more of Livingston County's production. Here we found six two-year-old steers, raised and fed by Mr. Alex. McPherson, of Howell, which we think were ripe and well finished as any that have been seen in our yards.

Two of them were very choice and sold for \$1,000 per hundred.

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**Horticultural.****THE QUINCE.**

MILFORD, Dec. 8, 1883.  
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.  
Will you, or some one who has had experience in the business, give an article in the *FARMER* on the culture of the quince—kinds, time of setting out, and after culture, and oblige, E. H.

Dowling's Fruits and Fruit Trees of America, says of the quince: "It is indigenous to Germany and the south of Europe; and it appears to have first attracted attention in the City of Cydon, in Crete or Candia, whence its botanical name, Cydonia. \* \* \* It was even more highly esteemed by the Greeks and Romans than by us."

He farther remarks that it seldom grows higher than 15 feet—a height nearly or quite double that usually attained in Michigan.

**PORAGATION.**

The more common mode of propagation is by layers or cuttings; but commercial propagators frequently plant stools in very rich soil, cutting them back very near the ground, and encouraging the growth of numerous shoots the first year. The next year rich earth is filled in a few inches deep among and about the clump of young shoots, which during the next summer become well-rooted plants, and are, in autumn or the following spring, cut away from the parent plant, and may be at once planted in orchard, or grown a year in nursery rows to acquire a larger size.

**SOILS.**

This fruit grows naturally in rather moist (not wet) soils; often along streams of water. Although it is frequently planted with some success in light soils, it will, however, be found most satisfactory in a moist, strong, clay loam. In such a soil we have found it, under good cultivation, with the soil well manured, enormously productive. Under neglect and starvation the trees soon become stunted and unproductive; when they are very liable to be attacked by the flat headed apple borer, generally with fatal effect.

**DISTANCE APART.**

About ten feet apart, each way, is a sufficient distance for the largest tree we have ever seen in this State. The tree has a tendency to produce suckers from its base. These should be persistently removed and the tree grown with a single trunk, from one to one and a half feet high, with little pruning, beyond the removal of crossing branches.

**BORERS.**

The borers are less likely to attack vigorous trees. For this reason it is especially important that they be not permitted to suffer a check in growth. Even this, however, in the case of the quince should not be relied on, but in May or early June, and perhaps again later in the season, the trunks should be well washed with lye or strong soap suds to repel their attacks and destroy the eggs if already deposited.

**AFTER CULTURE.**

As already remarked the soil should be kept rich; and thorough cultivation should be kept till about the middle of August, when it should cease for the season, that the young growth may become well ripened, before the advent of severe weather. After the roots have taken possession of the soil between the rows, cultivation should be shallow, and it will be found preferable to plow toward the rows, so that a considerable hillock shall be maintained about the tree, thus keeping the roots well protected against winter exposure.

**TIME TO PLANT.**

This must depend greatly upon the exposure and the nature of the soil. In a bleak situation, or on ground liable to standing water, at any season, we would not plant till spring. If sheltered from the coldest winds and with sufficient drainage, early autumn will be preferable, as the roots will be prepared for an earlier start in spring.

**VARIETIES.**

The Apple or Orange Quince is the only variety that can yet be recommended for general market planting, and is, in fact, the only one offered in our markets.

Rea's Mammoth is a comparatively new variety, said to be much larger than the preceding and otherwise very much like it; but its value as a market variety is yet undetermined. The plant is vigorous and healthy.

Champion is a yet more recent sort; which is said to be of larger size than the Apple. Our experience with it indicates that it may be later in ripening and, if any, larger. The plant is less vigorous and a much earlier bearer. T. T. LYON.

**Southern Ideas on Peach Culture.**

In commencing peach culture the stone should be obtained by selecting the largest fruit from young trees, a sufficient quantity of which can be obtained from under the trees as they are stripped; as grafted trees obtain and transmit to some extent their peculiarities to the stone, it may be well to choose stones of the late varieties, and bud upon their product the earliest. The earliest may thus be improved, as the tendency of late varieties is to bloom first, so also we may improve the chance of the late varieties (by budding them on the earliest) as to the late frosts. The tree should not be manured, but it should be stimulated in the nursery by the best compost and cultivation. During the autumn, soon after the latest crop has been gathered, but not before the trees have fruited once, all the earth within a foot of their stems should be removed down to the roots, but not below their upper surface. Many farmers lose their trees by undue exposure of their roots in order to destroy the worms by the winter, whereas the above plan, is based upon the fact that the worm must leave annually as a moth, and so its turn can be systematically prevented. The lower margin of the cavity around the tree should be vented, as the limbs of the peach tree concentrate the rain on the

spot, and a puddle of water would collect during the winter, whereas it is thus concentrated in fertilizing the tree during the summer. After frost in the spring this cavity is charged with a shovelful of ashes, and a wheelbarrow of long manure from the barnyard is piled around the stem of the tree, and fixed thereto by throwing a furrow upon it from two opposite sides. Soon after this is done the moth will deposit her eggs, but being excluded by a foot of manure from the roots the resulting worms perish. The bark above the roots is more tender when embraced by manure during the summer, but it is hardened by the next winter, and its exposure until after the frosts in the spring retards the bloom of the late varieties, and the fruit is less liable to abort. Moreover, the mice are not harbored during the winter near the tree.

The lateral roots will be found pointing to this cavity as their source of nourishment, which as usually applied is wasted by surface drainage. Another advantage by this method of procedure is the remarkable vigor and vitality which this application manifests in the bloom of the trees. After an orchard had been lavishly nourished during several years as above, it was supposed that a sufficiency of plant food had accumulated, but upon omitting the supply one year, and manuring but one row, it was distinguished by the luxuriance of its bloom. Corn was planted between the trees during two years, and an attempt was made to get a crop of potatoes on the third year. The potatoes were manured in the hill, but though these were about eight feet from the trees, the hills of the potatoes were robbed by the roots of the trees; masses of fibrous roots occupied the manure. A gill or more of ashes had been applied to each hill of corn during each of the preceding years; the corn was nearly double what the land was capable of producing.

The longevity of the peach and its immunity from all the mischief to which trees are peculiarly liable, which have some special development, the product of art, depends greatly on the gradual development of the tree during the year which precedes its first efforts to fruit, viz.: that period between the nursery and the first crop. During this interval neither the peach nor the pear should be allowed any stimulating or ammoniacal manure (though it seems customary to manure all trees when they are set out, and neglect them afterwards). Neither should they be planted on land that produces more than 20 or 30 bushels of corn to the acre. But subsequently to this period each tree should annually receive a wheelbarrow of long manure from the barnyard or cattle-pens, after the usual period of severe frosts. The vitality of the tree is expended unduly on the first crop, and impaired by double the surface in fruit spurs, for which it should gradually develop during subsequent years. Cutting back such "exuberant" growth is a mischievous shock to its vitality.

Compare an apple tree which has never been pruned with one which receives the usual trimming; it will fruit one year sooner, and its girth is equally in contrast. If it is necessary, tie a cord of hemp about the size of a goose quill, it will strangle and remove the limb by natural process and without shock.

grow readily in such. If we bear in mind that, because of similarity of structure, whatever affects fungi to kill them will also operate injuriously upon other vegetable bodies, we will at once see that sulphuric acid which is strong enough to kill mildew will also be strong enough to kill the delicate cellular tissues of the roots where absorption occurs, and even though the cellular structure might survive and the acid enter the cells, the still more delicate protoplasm in the latter would be surely injured. We must therefore consider the action of sulphur, in destroying parasites, to be confined to external applications, and it is by external applications only of whatever agent we may choose that we can hope by direct action to remove these organisms from the host.

"We find, however, that sulphuric acid, when entering the plant in the form of a soluble salt, performs important functions in the physiological processes, and in this way it is quite possible for it to have certain medical value. In fact, in the case of pear blight, it seems probable that it is precisely this acid, in combination with potash, which is essential for the restoration of a normal condition. Again, we must bear in mind that, in many cases, a diseased condition of plants involves much more than mere parasitism, so that, though we kill the parasite, we do not necessarily strike the cause of disease and effect a cure. If the disease proves to be one of nutrition, then of course we are likely to have one or more chemical compounds necessary to a restoration, and thus we see that, when we are asked if it will not be possible, by the dusting of sulphur, or by the use of plaster among grapevines, gooseberries, strawberries, apple, pear, peach, cherry, plum and quince trees, to help them resist the deadly mildew and rust and blight, it is asking if it will not be possible to accomplish far too much with one course of treatment. We have seen that sulphur, as sulphate of potash, is perhaps the specific for pear blight, while it is quite probable, as determined by careful experimentation, that chlorine, as muriate of potash, is the specific for peach yellows. And so it is with other diseases—what will cure one is not necessarily or even probably a cure for others.

"In any case, a vigorous tone in the general system, as developed by proper food and care in cultivation, will do fully as much good as any other method of treatment applied separately, and one of the finest evidences of this was found in the case of a vineyard which, although seriously mildewed, was able to withstand the attacks of the fungi and produce a fine crop, by reason, solely, of the special cultivation and application of fertilizers which had been given it. In general applications, therefore, do not directly act upon the parasites, but by toning up the system, render their excessive growth improbable."

**House Plant Enemies.**

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph furnishes the following description of the usual enemies which attack house-plants, and tells the appropriate remedies. The article may be read with profit by all who keep window plants:

"The green fly, or aphis, is a greenish-looking insect infesting the tenderest shoots of a large majority of greenhouse plants, from which it sucks the sap or juices, causing them to become stunted and sickly. When tobacco-smoke can be used without annoyance, it is the most satisfactory means of destroying them. Take a large box without a cover and place it upside down; put a quantity of honey, honey-producing plants pressed and mounted, the seeds of honey plants, etc., was large, and comb foundation was manufactured in the presence of the members, much to their instruction and interest. Rev. L. L. Langstroth, the veteran bee-keeper and inventor of the movable comb hive, was present and gave an account of his early life and how his invention was produced.

The President, Prof. A. J. Cook, called the meeting to order, and some time was spent listening to the reports and experiences of members.

The subject of foul brood was very thoroughly discussed, the best recognized authorities on this question in the country being present. Foul brood is unmistakably gaining ground in Michigan. It is nearly as communicable among bees as is small-pox among the human family, and the greatest care is necessary to prevent its spreading. It can be cured by brushing the bees into a new hive, giving them sheets of foundation, and feeding them honey containing 16 grains of salicylic acid and 16 grains of soda borax to each quart of honey. If sufficient care is exercised, the honey from the infested hive can be extracted, salicylic acid added to the honey, the honey boiled, the scum burned, and the honey used for feeding purposes. The comb can be melted into wax. The lines and frames must be thoroughly scalded by immersing them in boiling water. It can also be cured by confining the bees in some empty box until the honey they have with them is all consumed, when they can be given a clean hive. When only a few colonies are found to be affected, it is better not to run any risks in trying to cure them, but confine them to their hives and burn hives, combs, bees and everything.

"The mealy-bug at times becomes an intolerable nuisance on some species of plants. It gathers about the axils of the leaves and branches, and resembles at first sight small patches of white cotton, but closer inspection reveals it to be a repulsive-looking bug, covered with a white powder. As it has no special dislike to tobacco in any of its various forms, it can be removed with a small stick, pin or needle. If too abundant for this dip a small feather in alcohol and touch each white speck to be seen, and you will find this sure destruction to them.

"Red spider is an exceedingly minute insect, so small that it is the merest speck when seen with the naked eye, and in consequence likely to work great damage to plants before its presence is discovered.

Its presence may be detected by the leaves becoming brownish. A dry, hot atmosphere is their delight, and under such conditions they increase with amazing rapidity. A moist, humid atmosphere, in which plants delight, is very destructive to them. Sponge or sprinkle the plants thoroughly, taking pains to wet the undersides of the leaves where the bugs most congregate.

"When the leaves of plants assume a whitish or mouldy appearance, the disease is known as mildew, caused by sudden changes of atmosphere from high temperature by day and low at night, or by cold draughts from doors or windows. The best prevention is an even, genial temperature. At the first symptom of the disease dampen the plants and dust them with flowers of sulphur."

**Horticultural Notes.**

During the grape season last fall 500 tons of this fruit, mostly Concord, were sent every day to New York City. The average price was four cents, while sales were made of the Concord at two and a half cents per pound.

The yield of grapes in the Grimsby, Ont., fruit growing district the past season was considered a failure, as it amounted to only a ton

and a half per acre. But even this poor yield is larger than the average crop in France.

In setting a cranberry plantation, says the New England Farmer, do not remove the top surface soil, nor invert it. Six inches of sand evenly spread on a well drained meadow will kill every green thing in a year's time. The water, however, should be kept at least 18 inches below the surface.

The *Gardener's Monthly* says weakly and weatherbeaten evergreens are improved by cutting. But in their case the leader must be cut at the same time, even if we have to train up a side branch to make a leader. Evergreens sometimes show little disposition to make leaders, but they will do it if they are severely pruned.

The *Country Gentleman* says that a blunt iron plug, made by cutting an iron rod into short pieces and inserting them into holes bored for the purpose, is better than the iron spike driven into plum trees, to receive the blow which is to jar down "the little Turk." The objection to the iron spike is that being pointed it soon drives its whole length into the tree.

Dust is a great obstacle to successful window gardening. Ivies and all other smooth leaved plants may be kept clean by washing the leaves with a soft sponge or cloth. Plants with downy leaves should be set in a bath tub or sink, and freely showered by water from a pot with a fine rose, held high above them. When the room is swept, the plants should be covered with a thin cloth, or with newspapers, kept from resting on them, these are to remain over them until the dust settles.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Gardener* says that he prevents cracking in the pear by root-pruning, completely undermining, lifting, and re-planting the tree rather above than below the level, his notion being that the disease is the result of too deep root action. He states that he has thus cured the cracking in such sorts as Easter Beurre, Glout Moreau, and Beurre Dieu, which have been particularly subject to it. The trees are thus reduced in size, and made to partake something of the character of dwarfs.

SAYS a correspondent of the New York Times, in respect to tree and plant swindlers:

"Such frauds, which generally consist in supplying to purchasers common sorts under the names of celebrated new ones, result from the fact that plant originators and introducers of new varieties are without exclusive rights to their productions, and therefore are powerless to prevent them. Swindled parties may curse tree agents and nurserymen, and the parties

may utter the loudest denunciations, but the swindler will be continued until the time arrives when, by means of protective letters for new products and their names, the swindlers can be summarily dealt with.

**LIVING A NEW LIFE.**

Rheumatism loves to riot in a body weighted with years. Until the discovery of ATROPHOBOS there was but little hope for the aged who were victims of the disease. But now Mr. Wesley Hill, Cedarville, Ohio, writes: "Took ATROPHOBOS as directed, and I am 65 years old and was getting stiff in my joints and limbs. Now I am as clear of Rheumatism and stiffness as I ever was in my life. Consider ATROPHOBOS the greatest and best medicine I ever heard of."

**Apianian.****STATE BEE-KEEPERS' CONVENTION.**

The 18th annual convention of the Michigan State Bee-Keepers' Association was held at Flint, December 5th and 6th, and was very largely attended, not only by the apiculturists of the State, but by many from Canada and surrounding territory. The display of implements, honey, honey-producing plants pressed and mounted, the seeds of honey plants, etc., was large, and comb foundation was manufactured in the presence of the members, much to their instruction and interest. Rev. L. L. Langstroth, the veteran bee-keeper and inventor of the movable comb hive, was present and gave an account of his early life and how his invention was produced.

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The relative profitability of comb or extracted honey was also under consideration. The only conclusion arrived at was that the market demanded both kinds, and that circumstances must decide the bee-keeper as to which he will produce. All agreed that it injured neither the bees nor the brood.

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December 11, 183.

## MICHIGAN FARMER

AND—  
State Journal of Agriculture.A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial  
and producing interests of Michigan.

JOHNSTONE &amp; GIBBONS, Publishers.

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Manager of Eastern Office,  
150 Nassau St., New York.

The Michigan Farmer

AND—  
State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1838.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week were 133,717 bu. against 163,797 bu. for the corresponding week in 1832, and the shipments were 64,934 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 37,645 bu., against 34,213 last week, and 400,314 the corresponding week in 1832. The visible supply of this grain on Dec. 8 was 34,185,933 bu, against 33,213,949 the previous week, and 19,993,959 bu at corresponding date in 1832. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 953,984 bu. The exports for Europe for the week were 962,848 bu, against 514,075 bu the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 6,394,018 bu, against 9,773,907 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1832.

The past week has been a dull one in the grain trade, and especially so in wheat. Only 238 car-loads of spot were sold, and 490,000 for future delivery. The tendency has been downward, in sympathy with the markets of Chicago, New York and other points, although the decline has been slight; New York was active and higher, but a part of the advance was lost before the close. It is reported from Chicago that a lot of big operators have combined to force up prices, and ex-Senator Tabor, Lindblom, Lester and Hobbes are said to be buying heavily.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from December 1st to December 17th:

	No. 1 white.	No. 2 white.	No. 3 white.	No. 1 red.	No. 2 red.
Dec. 1.....	1 04½	95¾	..	1 03½	92
.. 3.....	1 04½	95½	..	1 03½	..
.. 5.....	1 04½	95½	..	1 03½	..
.. 6.....	1 04	94½	..	1 03½	..
.. 7.....	1 03½	94	..	1 03½	..
.. 8.....	1 03½	94	..	1 03½	..
.. 9.....	1 04½	95	..	1 03½	..
.. 10.....	1 04½	95	..	1 03½	..
.. 11.....	1 05	94½	..	1 03½	..
.. 12.....	1 04½	94½	..	1 03½	..
.. 13.....	1 03½	94½	..	1 03½	..
.. 14.....	1 03½	94½	..	1 03½	..
.. 15.....	1 03½	95	..	1 03½	..
.. 16.....	1 04½	95	..	1 03½	..
.. 17.....	1 04½	95	..	1 03½	..

There is so little doing in futures that quotations have lost their interest. There is not the slightest speculative feeling apparent in the market. The following table gives the closing prices of the various deals each day during the past week:

	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.
Tuesday.....	1 04	1 03½	1 07½
Wednesday.....	1 04	1 05	1 06½
Thursday.....	1 04	1 06	1 06½
Saturday.....	1 04	1 04½	1 06½
Monday.....	1 04	1 05	1 07

There has been a further addition to the stocks of wheat in sight, and this has also a depressing tendency upon the market. The total stocks of wheat at nineteen leading interior and seaboard markets, east of the Rocky Mountains, in transit from the west to the seaboard, and afloat on the ocean, destined for Great Britain and continental Europe, on dates named, were as follows:

	United States east of the "Rockies" .....	34,186,000
About on the ocean for Europe.....	19,520,000	
Total, December 11th, 1838.....	53,706,000	
Previous week .....	52,272,000	
Total, December 18, 1838.....	42,830,000	
Total, December 19, 1838.....	50,504,000	
Total, December 14, 1838.....	63,474,000	

It will be seen, that with the exception of 1830, the stocks of wheat are larger now than during any other year at this time.

The following table shows the price ruling at Liverpool on Monday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Dec. 10.	Dec. 17.
per cent.	per cent.	per cent.
Flour, extra State.....	12s. 0 d.	12s. 0 d.
Wheat, No. 1 white.....	7s. 7 d.	8s. 4 d.
Steel, No. 38.....	7s. 7 d.	8s. 4 d.
do do do.....	8s. 4 d.	8s. 4 d.
do do do.....	8s. 4 d.	8s. 4 d.
Wheat, 1838.....	8s. 8 d.	8s. 8 d.

## CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 63,898 bu, and the shipments were 37,130 bu. The visible supply in the country on Dec. 8 amounted to 8,329,843 bu, against 8,631,995 bu the previous week, and 7,020,453 bu at the same date last year. The export clearances for Europe the past eight weeks were 5,477,196 bu, against 820,363 bu for the corresponding eight weeks in 1832. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week of 292,153 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 44,104 bu, against 63,548 bu last week, and 24,152 bu the corresponding date in 1832. Two years ago the visible supply at this date amounted to 18,390,904 bu, or 10,070,063 bu more than at present. The advance noted one week ago was well sustained until Saturday, when a slight reaction was noted, the result of unfavorable reports from other points. The advance was so sudden that a reaction was a natural result; but there is nothing in the situation that warrants

the belief that prices are to be permanent-

ly lower.

They find the supply remaining under per-

fect control, and owners retaining faith

enough to refuse all negotiations looking

for a market. The continued shrinking of the supply of medium and low grades is infusing a feeling

of much faith in the ability to carry the

market along at least the present line of

valuation, and taken all in all the un-

derstanding is cheerful."

The receipts of cheese in the New York

market the past week were 35,706 boxes

against 44,729 boxes the previous week,

and 27,080 boxes the corresponding week in

1832. The exports from all Ameri-

can ports for the week ending Dec. 8

foot up 2,568,238 lbs., against 3,021,003

lbs. the previous week, and 5,850,862 two

weeks ago. The exports for the cor-

responding week last year were 2,452,571

lbs.

The Liverpool market is quoted steady

at 62s 6d. per cwt., the same price as

quoted one week ago.

THE MICHIGAN STATE AGRICUL-  
TURAL SOCIETY.

The report of the meeting of delegates

from various State and District fairs in

this and adjoining States, as reported in

another column, is worthy of the attention

of every one interested in the con-

tinued success of the Michigan State Ag-

ricultural Society. The question naturally

arises, is it best for the Executive Committee

of the Society to continue to manage its

affairs, or shall it be left to a committee

largely residents of other States, and un-

acquainted with the people or the needs of

its agricultural interests? Perhaps there

can be a good deal said on both sides of

this question; but we have always taken

the ground that the State Society was the

head of the agricultural fair system of

State, and the various county fairs were

auxiliary to it; that, therefore, if there

is to be any "circuit" arranged, where dates are to be fixed, and methods of

management agreed upon, it should be

with our own societies, and for their ben-

efit, rather than with those of other States.

While we believe it wise and judicious for

managers of agricultural fairs to meet and

discuss questions pertaining to their man-

agement, yet the managers of the Michigan

State Fair should remember that it is chartered to "advance the interests of agriculture and the kindred arts in Michigan," not in the adjoining States, which are undoubtedly quite willing and able to

take care of their own.

Another point we would call attention

to is the adoption of rules by this com-

mittee in regard to the premiums to be

offered. If it was intended that the

changes should be suggested, well and

good; but if it is intended to forestall ac-

tion by the Executive Committee, then it

would be folly to attempt to exterminate

the Texas fever during the discussion mixed up with the action of the con-

vention. As Mr. Thompson truly says, "It would be folly to attempt to exterminate

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part of any fence assigned to him by the fence viewers, the same may be erected and maintained by the aggrieved party, in the manner before provided; and he shall be entitled to double the value thereof, ascertained in the manner aforesaid, and to be recovered in like manner." Section 5 and 6, of Chapter XIV, Comp. Laws.

4th. Should any controversy arise upon the question as to whether a partition fence should be pig or proof, or not, the fence viewers must be called in and their decision taken.

A letter asking how to proceed to get a line fence established, and signed "Read ex," is answered in the above article.

HERBERT M. SNOW.

To Whom do Line Fences Belong?

MANCHESTER, Oct. 4, '83.

DEAR SIR.—Being an old subscriber to your paper I will ask the following questions in law: A. and B. own adjoining farms of 160 acres each, with one-half mile of fence to build; each one builds 80 rods. B. sells his half to C. and D., gets 1/2 part of the line fence. D. claims all of the fence, moves it away, and builds one-half. C. claims one-half of A.'s fence, sells one-half of his farm and one-half A.'s fence. What I wish to know is, can C. claim one-half of A.'s fence and hold it by law? If I have stated this sufficiently plain for you to understand, will you please answer and oblige.

MANCHESTER.

**Answer.**—Certainly not. The fence between C. and A. belongs wholly to A., and he can remove one-half of it and compel C. to build his share. D. owns the whole of the fence between himself and A., and has the right to take away half and make A. build his half.

Although A. and B. according to their agreement, were each required to build and maintain one-half of the fence, yet the fence still belonged to him who built it, and when B. sold his farm he could not sell A.'s fence, any more than he could sell anything else that belonged to A.

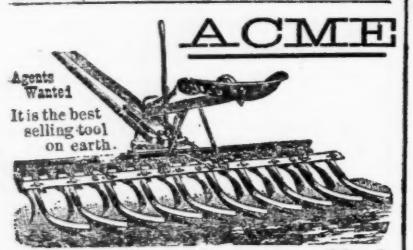
HERBERT M. SNOW.

**Rough on Coughs**

Kneels a Cough or Cold endwise. For children or adults. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 50c. At druggists.

**General Grant has visited every civilized country; yet in all his travels he has never seen a more effectual remedy for coughs and colds than Adamson's Botanic Balsam. Sold by druggists and dealers at 35 cents. Trial size ten cents. Large bottles 75 cents.**

#### NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



**ACME**  
Pulverizing Harrow, Clod  
Crusher and Leveler.  
The "ACME" subjects the soil to the action of Steel Crusher and Leveler and to the Cutting, Lifting, Turning process of double gang of CAST STEEL CUTTERS. It also subjects the soil to the action of give immense cutting power. Thus the three operations of cutting, lifting, leveling of the ground and turning over the surface are performed at the same time. The entire absence of Spikes or Spring Teeth avoids pulling up rubber. It is especially adapted to inverted soil or hard clay, where it cuts through the surface and goes right on light soil, and is the only Harrow that cuts over the entire surface of the ground.

We make a Variety of Sizes working from 4 to 15 ft. wide.

**DO NOT BE DECEIVED!**

Don't let your dealer palm off a base imitation or some inferior to our machine. We assure you it will work better and SATISFY YOURSELF BY ORDERING AN ACME ON TRIAL. We will send the double gang Acme to any responsible farmer in the United States on trial, and if it does not suit you we will refund your freight charges. We don't ask for pay until you have tried it on our own farm.

Send for Pamphlet Containing Thousands of Testimonials from 46 different States and Territories.

**NASH & BROTHER,**  
Manufacturers and Principal Office,  
Branch Office, MILLINGTON,  
HARRISBURG, PENN. New Jersey.  
N. B.—Pamphlet "TILLAGE IS MANURE" sent  
Free to parties who Name this Paper.

**GODEY'S**  
CHRISTMAS PAPER, EX-  
CHAVING on receipt of 7cts  
postage. Address, Box H. H. Fall.

**FOR SALE.**  
**JERSEYS**  
—AT—  
**CLOVER LAWN.**

Stocks of Duke of Wellington, Sultan, Coomrie, Pansy, Albert, Alpha, and other noted strains. The herd is in recent addition now numbers over fifty, among which are some very fine animals of high quality. All the animals have been selected with great care in regard to particular milkers, rich cream and butter producers.

Visitors are always welcome and will be shown through the stable and pasture.

**H. R. KINGMAN,**  
Clover Lawn, Battle Creek, Mich.  
Farm on East Main Street, one mile from Depot.

**ONE CENT**  
Invested in a postal card and addressed as below

**WILL**  
give to the writer full information as to the best lands in the United States now for sale; how to can

**BUY**  
them on the lowest and best terms, also the full text of the U. S. land laws and how to secure

**320 ACRES**  
of Government Lands in Northwestern Minnesota and Northeastern Dakota.

**JAMES B. POWER,**  
Land and Emigration Commissioner,  
St. Paul, Minn.

**AMERICAN DEVON RECORD.**

I am now receiving entries for the Third Volume of the AMERICAN DEVON RECORD, and hope to put it to press February 1st, 1884. Owners and breeders of Devon cattle, sheep, lambs and lambs with as little delay as possible.

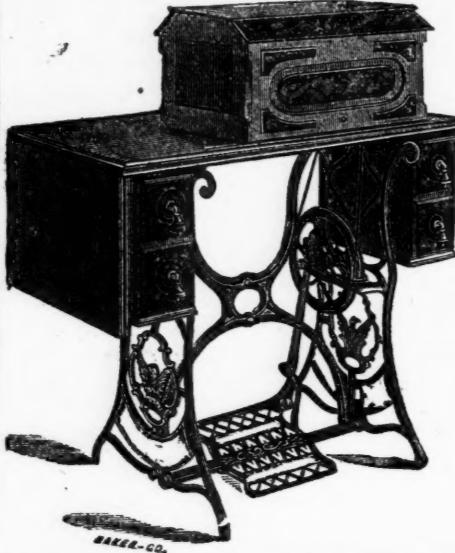
J. BUCKINGHAM, Sec.,  
Zanesville, Ohio.

## THE IMPROVED SINGER SEWING MACHINE!

No Patents, No Royalty and Fair Profits.

The "Michigan Farmer" One Year and a Machine For Only \$18.00!

Sample Machine to be Seen at this Office.



shop until it has been fully tested and proven to do with as little noise as possible. This machine has a very important improvement in a Loose Balance Wheel, so constructed as to permit winding bobbins without rethreading the work from the machine.

The LOOSE BALANCE WHEEL is actuated by a solid bolt passing through a collar securely pinned to the shaft outside of the balance wheel, which bolt is firmly held in position by a spiral spring. When a bobbin is to be wound, the bolt is pulled out far enough to release the balance wheel and turned slightly to the right or left, where it is held by a stop-pin until the bobbin is filled. When the machine is liable to be meddled with by children, the bolt can be left out of the wheel when not in use, so that it can not be operated by the treadle.

The Thread Eyelet and the Needle Clamp are made SELF-THREADING, which is a great convenience to the operator.

THE BALANCE WHEEL is handsomely finished and nickel plated.

The IMPROVED TENSION and THREAD LIBERATOR combined adds greatly to the value of this machine.

**ALL THE STANDS HAVE**  
**The New Driving Wheel.**

This Driving Wheel is the invention of John D. Lawrence, secured by patent, dated Feb. 7, 1882, and is claimed to be the best device yet invented, being the simplest, easiest running, and most convenient of the many that have been tried. It can be easily adjusted and all wear taken up by turning the cone-pointed screw. It is the only device operating on a center that does not interfere with the treadle or the work. Any two horses can draw, is cheap, durable, and so simple in construction that it cannot get out of order. Will run a feed-cutter, feed-mill, corn-sheller or cut-off saw unless it runs free. The latter machine by belt without jack or tumbling rod.

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We furnish the Machine complete as shown in above cut, and include the following attachments, &c. One Johnson's Foot Ruffer, one set Hemmers, one Tucker, one Foot Hemmer or Friller, one package Needles, six Bobbins, Screw Driver, Can of Oil, Extra Kick Spring, extra Throat Plate, Gauge Screw, Wrench, Instructions.

Each Machine is Guaranteed as represented and to give satisfaction, or it may be returned and money refunded.

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Open Daily—Sundays from 10 A.M.  
Exhibiting the largest collection of foreign & native

**WILD ANIMALS** over exhibited in the United States. Also a large collection of rare and beautiful Birds. An immense Aquarium containing a fine variety of Fish.

A fine Brass Band daily in attendance. Michigan Avenue cars pass the Zoo, every five minutes.

Admission 25cts Children 10cts.  
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New Job Nov. 15. Some very desirable farms offered at reasonable prices; a 700 acre farm at \$75 per acre—the premium farm of Oakland County.

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2 JAS. LISTER, TRENTON, Wayne Co., Mich.

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**Cabinets \$3**

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**RANDALL'S!**

East Grand Circus Park,

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**FOR SALE.**

On and after the first of October I will reduce the price of my cabinets to \$2 per dozen.

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Mr. Holyoke plan. The Second term of school

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## Linseed Meal

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is the product of pure sound Flaxseed only, Linseed being its other name.

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The effects of Nitrogenous Foods, such as LINSEED MEAL may be briefly summed up as follows: Linseed Meal is the most nutritious food available they acquire a value of food attainable in any other way.

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It is almost needless to say, that in order to derive much benefit from the use of Linseed Meal, it must be fed in large quantities.

At least one-half of all an animal consumes may safely and profitably be LINSEED MEAL.

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## Poetry.

## A CONCEIT.

I've somewhere read in olden tales—  
Such as the Persian poets sing,  
That in the fragrant Eastern vales  
Are birds with a single wing;  
And hooks and links of solid bone  
The want of missing wings supply.  
And thus, when either bird alone  
Essay through boundless space to fly

Each lacks its other, better part,  
Which being of mate supplied,  
They linked together, heart to heart,  
With hopeful wings can upward glide—  
Each bird, depending on its mate,  
Thus feels the need of loving care.  
Each bears in part the other's weight,  
And thus is formed a perfect pair.

And so, I've thought, the human heart  
Will silent in its prison dwell,  
And languish till its counterpart  
Is brought within its subtle spell.

Like those rare birds of Eastern clime,  
It strives in vain to leave the earth,  
Until at Fate's appointed time  
It finds a mate of equal worth.

And then bound fast with bonds of love,  
More lasting far than hooks of bone,  
The twain can soar to realms above—  
Two souls in form—in love but one.

## THE OLD FARM.

Out in the meadows the farm house lies,  
Old and gray and fronting the west;  
Many a swallow flitteth skies;  
In the old chimney builds her nest.

Ah! how the sounds make our old hearts swell;  
Send them again on an eager quest;  
Bid the sweet winds of heaven tell  
Those we have loved so long and well.

To come again to the dear old nest.

When the gray evening, cool and still,  
Hushes the brain and heart to rest,  
Memory comes with a joyous thrill,  
Brings the young children back at will.  
Calls them all home to the gray old nest.

Patient we wait till the golden morn  
Else on our weariness half confesse;  
Till, with the chill and darkness gone,  
Hope shall arise with another dawn,  
And a new day to the old nest.

Soon shall we see all the eager east  
Bright with the Day Star, at heaven's behest;  
Soon from the bondage of clay released,  
Ere to the Palace, the King's own feast,  
Birds of flight from the last year's nest.

## Miscellaneous.

## TOM KILROY.

Romance is generally thought to dwell in exceptions and extremes, but everyday life has its full share of heroes, of tragic or of chivalrous story. Tom Kilroy's youth knew no exceptional circumstances. His father was a mason, steady and industrious; his mother loved him with that sober, wise affection which keeps strict guard over lessons and clothes; he was, in short, one of those numberless sons of respectable mechanics who keep the public schools busy in their youth, and are kept busy by the world all their life afterward.

Tom had been destined almost from his cradle to learn his father's trade. His elder brothers were carpenters and builders. Masonwork would dovetail naturally in with woodwork, and the brothers would thus be enabled to throw many a profitable job into each other's hands. There was no disposition in Tom to quarrel with this destiny; the limit of his ambition was to be a good tradesman, and to marry the girl of his choice. He had not even settled on the girl, and the pleasing latitude and uncertainty he allowed himself in this matter was the one bit of romance that leavened Tom's life at nineteen.

Evidently here was a very common lad in very common circumstances, and yet there was even then in his possession a single advantage which might disarrange the staidest and most eventful of plans: Tom was exceedingly handsome—that is, he was going to be. Just at that age he was freckled and immature, managed his great frame awkwardly, and was shy in consequence.

But, after all, it was Tom's inches, and his bright, handsome face, crowned with short, brown, curly hair, that prevented him taking permanently to bricks and mortar. Old Kilroy had a job of work to do for the great importing firm of Scott & Donaldson, and one day while Tom was laying bricks and whistling with a great deal of spirit "The Garb of Old Gaul," Alexander Scott took a liking to him.

Men do take these impulsive likings just as readily as women do, and for the most part they consider themselves at liberty to indulge them. At any rate Mr. Scott did. He had a talk with young Tom, and liked him better still, and then had a talk with Tom's father, which resulted in Tom's throwing down the trowel, and taking a seat in the counting-room of the great firm.

The Kilroys were modestly proud of the change. The elder boys going off to work with their tools and the younger with their books were still very fine fellows in their mother's eyes; but Tom in a stylish business suit, with kid gloves on his hands, and a cigar in his mouth, did them a loftier kind of credit. All of them felt this, and the mason remarked one morning, as they watched him down the avenue a block: "All right, mother. It's a poor family that can't have one gentleman—isn't it?"

No one doubted that it was "all right." Tom gradually became the oracle of his father's house. Why not? He spent his days among grave, wealthy men, among great interests and great trusts, and unavoidably he got the air and assumed the tone of the wealthy classes. In the course of two years he was cautiously promoted, but he was trusted even beyond his position.

The method incidental to New York business life times passes rapidly. Tom's life went on as the clock goes for the next four years, but in them time gave everything and took nothing from him. His splendid physical beauty had matured, and his business aptitudes had been thoroughly developed. Even John Donaldson, who had always smiled at his

partner's fancy for the "young mason," at length admitted that "Kilroy was a fine fellow, and would do the firm credit."

It was just after this admission from Mr. Donaldson, and a hot, glowing day in early July. Tom, busy among the sundry bales and boxes, heard Mrs. Scott call him. When he answered the summons he found the senior partner in a very anxious and perplexed mood.

"Mr. Kilroy," he said hesitatingly, "I cannot go home as I intended to-night, and it may even happen that I shall have to go to Liverpool by the next steamer. What I want now is that you should take my usual train and carry Mrs. Scott this letter."

"Very well, sir; how soon shall I leave?"

"You have fifteen minutes to catch it."

So in fifteen minutes Tom was at the Erie depot. He obeyed the order as he would any other order from Mr. Scott, but it did not much please him. He had half an engagement with a very pretty girl for Thomas' Gardens that night, and he liked strawberries and roses with their city accompaniments better than in their native simplicity.

He was in a severely gentlemanly temper when he stood on the platform of the little Jersey depot. There was the usual gathering of buggies and light wagons, and he looked around for Mr. Scott; which that gentleman had described to him as "a nice little town-out with a pretty team of grays."

The only vehicle answering this description was driven by a lady—a very lovely lady, indeed, who peered among the crowd with a wistful, anxious face. Tom took heart of grace, and with his very best bow and smile, made some inquiry or remark, the only intelligible words of which were "Mr. Scott."

"Yes, sir," said the lady, blushing, and handling the reins rather unnecessarily, "I came to meet papa, and you say he is not coming. And you have a letter? Will you allow me to drive you to the house?"

Tom was obliged to allow himself to be driven. He knew nothing about horses, and he was exceedingly mortified at his ignorance. But even ignorance has compensations. His perfect idleness gave him leisure to watch his driver's pretty motions; to note all the changes of her face, and all the coaxing intonations with which she flattered and encouraged the "pretty team of grays." He had literally fallen in love without being at all aware of the plunge he had taken; for the sensation was so charming that it was scarcely likely he would stop to analyze the feeling.

Mrs. Scott was quite aware of Mr. Kilroy's antecedents and position, but woman never weigh very handsome men in the same exact balance as they do ugly ones. There was a very charming tea, during which Tom got as far in Mrs. Scott's favor as he had got in Mr. Scott's in four years. So far, indeed, that when she retired to the library to answer her husband's letter, she left Mr. Kilroy to be entertained by her daughter Alice.

Did she remember what a dangerous entertainment "wandering through the scented shrubs in the twilight garden" was? When Alice's fingers touched Tom's among the strawberry vines, did she calculate the result? Or had she no fear of the bewitching summer moon that saw those two sitting in sweetest silence beneath the drooping honeysuckle on the plaza?

Perhaps her letter had given her other material for anxiety. She did not seem to think of Tom and Alice, and Tom was glad of it. He wished this night could last forever. He went back to town in a kind of intoxication. Alice gave him a jasmine spray at parting; and this young Romeo of the counting-house was just as foolish about a flower as any lover, either before or since the flood, had ever been.

He had no plan about Alice, but his stars planned for him. Mr. Scott went to Liverpool Saturday afternoon, Mr. Kilroy went out to Mrs. Scott's with a certain sum of money from the firm, and often certain commissions in books and dry goods with which the firm had no particular concern. In those six weeks love grew, both on Tom's and Alice's part, to perfect stature.

But this delicious dream of youth had a rapid awakening. In six weeks Mr. Scott returned, and then the pleasant necessity for Tom's visits ceased. Mr. Scott never alluded to them, and it rather nettled the young lover that his prospective mother-in-law seemed to have forgotten them. There was, however, some consolation in Alice's letters, and in her assurances of unaltered affection, and for a short time these satisfied him.

But at length after a somewhat injured reflection on the matter, he resolved to speak to Mr. Scott. Youth, in its strength and beauty and boundless hope, is so apt to consider all things as its own that some excuse may be made for the slight tone of self-assertion in which Tom ventured one evening on his confession.

Mr. Scott heard it with perfect gravity and politeness. "You have, of course, done my daughter the greatest honor any man is capable of, Mr. Kilroy," he said, stately, as he turned the paper-cutter over and over on his desk. "May I ask if you still reside with your parents?"

"Yes, sir, I do," answered Tom, feeling a momentary flush of shame as he thought of the plain little two-story house in a down-town street.

"And where and how do you propose to live when you are married?"

Tom frankly confessed that he had not thought of that subject; but he evidently had the usual faith in love and cottage.

Mr. Scott rose with the air of a man finishing a discussion. "Mr. Kilroy, I am obliged to you for your honesty. I will be equally plain with you. Business affairs have not gone well with me lately. I have been thinking all day of retrenchment; you and Frank Maybin will either have to leave your desks or retain them at very much reduced salaries. I am sure you love Alice too well to subject her to poverty. It is true, I have always intended to give her a fortune, but then no man of honor would ask her hand, under such circumstances, unless he was able to count at least dollar for dollar with her. Your business talents are exceptionally good. I expect to see you worth a million, but

when you are worth fifty thousand of it I will cheerfully consider your proposal."

He said a polite "Good-night," as he left the office, a courtesy which Tom found himself quite unable to return. If the man had been angry and uttered all kinds of harsh words, Tom would have borne it better. He had a salary of one hundred dollars a month; if he was to wait for Alice until he was worth fifty thousand, the probabilities were hardly worth counting. Besides, there was that covert threat of dismissal. That would never do; he must resign his desk voluntarily. He saw very well that Mr. Scott would never like him again, and Tom's open candid nature instinctively dredged a dislike which would veil itself under polite forms and disagreeable necessities.

He was so excited that he could not endure the tedium of the street cars; he got out of them, and walked rapidly up Broadway until he struck Eighth street. He generally crossed to the east side of the city by this route, and he took it naturally, but at the Cooper institute reading room he paused a moment. He had not yet thought of what he should say to his father and brothers. He went upstairs and drew a paper toward him; he had no idea of reading, but he wished to think without attracting attention.

Vacantly at first his eyes wandered over it, but at length he began to read with a curious avidity. He followed a certain column to its close, and read it again and again, and then looked at the name of the paper. It was the Rocky Mountain News. In those few minutes Tom had been inoculated with the gold fever, and he was sure that he now saw a clear and sure way to Alice. True it might be a rough one, but all the same he was quite determined to take it. He was only impatient now of delay, and he entered the little homely sitting room as elated and positive as if the Rocky Mountains were somewhere on the line of street cars, and his mind as perfectly localized as the United States Mint.

"I am going to the Rocky Mountains, father," he said, with that impetuosity which often characterizes enterprises about which we are doubtful.

"You have been in some very queer place already to-night, Tom, to make you talk in such a dast-like manner."

His brothers looked curiously into Tom's face, while the women folks present paused in the midst of their chatter and work for the same purpose. The men evidently thought Tom had been drinking; the women divined at once his absolute sincerity. The pause was followed by a long and angry discussion, in which there was no lack of hard words, but the end had been in Tom's mind before it began, and in a week's time he found himself crossing the dreary plains which guard the approaches to the treasure houses of the mountains.

But alas! Tom soon found that the keys to these treasure houses were cunningly hidden from him. His industry and business tact were of no avail here. Labor led to nothing, and simple luck seemed to laugh at science and probabilities to scorn. Then Tom led him on to speak of his old business, and he was glad to see that the merchant instantly asserted himself. "He must be taken out of this," thought Tom, and he asked himself to dinner.

He entered the house with a beating heart. Would Alice be there? Would she know him? Mr. Scott had not supposed who he was, but Alice ought to have known him. She was laying a very humble table for two as they entered, and after a glance and a movement of course she went calmly on with her household duties.

Tom had a good opportunity for observing how much changed she was, but it was a change that soothed and pleased him. Her figure, her movements, her sweet, quiet face, her neat dress—nothing escaped him; and she was fair in his eyes than she had been even in that enchanted hour when she had first driven from the little Jersey depot.

Then Tom was by her side, kissing her cheeks and lips and hands and whispering nobly knew what between his kisses. Mr. Scott had risen at once and was surprised to see that the merchant instantly asserted himself. "He must be taken out of this," thought Tom, and he asked himself to dinner.

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## THE MAN WHO PAYS.

There are men of brains who count their gains  
By the million dollars or more;  
They buy and sell; and they really do well  
On the money of the poor.  
They manage to get quite deep in debt  
By various crooked ways;  
And so we say that the man to-day  
Is the honest man who pays.  
  
When in the town he never sneaks down  
Somewhere or way-back street;  
With head erect he will never defect,  
But boldly each man meet.  
He counts the cost before he is lost  
In debt's mysterious maze,  
And he never buys in manner unwise,  
But calls for his bill and pays.  
  
There's a certain air of debonair  
In the man who buys for cash;  
He is not afraid of being betrayed  
By a jack leg lawyer's case.  
What he says to you he will certainly do,  
If it's cash or thirty days;  
And when he goes out the clerks will shout  
Hurrah for the man who pays!  
*Texas Styling.*

## The Blockhead.

Once upon a time there was a blockhead.  
For a long time he lived happy and content, until at last a report reached him that everybody considered him a brainless fool.

This roused the blockhead and made him sorrowful. He considered what would be the best way to confute this statement.

Suddenly an idea burst upon his wretched mind, and without delay he put it into execution.

One day an acquaintance met him in the street and began to praise a celebrated painter.

"Good God!" cried the blockhead, "do you not know that this man's works have long been banished to the lumber room? You must be aware of the fact!" \* \* \*

You are far behindhand in culture!"

The friend was alarmed, and immediately concurred with the blockhead's opinion.

"That is a clever book that I have read to-day!" said another of his acquaintances to him.

"God have mercy!" cried the blockhead;

"Are you not ashamed to say so? That book is utterly worthless; there can only be one idea concerning it. And did you not know?" \* \* \*

"Oh, culture has left you far behind."

And this acquaintance also was alarmed, and he agreed with the blockhead.

"What a splendid fellow my friend N. N. is!" said a third acquaintance to the blockhead; "he is a truly noble man!"

"Good heaven!" shrieked the blockhead; "N. N. is a notorious scamp; he has plundered nearly all of his relations. Who does not know that?" \* \* \*

You are still wanting in culture!"

And the third acquaintance was also alarmed, and instantly accepted the blockhead's opinion. Whatever was praised in the blockhead's presence, he had always the same answer. And in every case he added, reproachfully: "And you still believe that authority?"

"A spiteful, venomous man!" that was how the blockhead was now known among his acquaintances. "But what a head!"

"And what language!" added others. "What talent!"

And the end of it all was, the editor of a newspaper intrusted the blockhead with the writing of the critiques in his journal.

The blockhead criticised everything and every one in his well-known style, and with his customary abuse.

And now, he, the former enemy of every authority, is himself an authority, and the rising generation show him respect and tremble before him.

And how can the poor youths do otherwise? Certainly, to show him respect is an astonishing notion; but woe to you if you would take his measure or try to make him appear as he really was, you would immediately be criticised without mercy.

Blockheads have a brilliant life among cowards.—*Ivan Tourguenoff.*

## Racing on the Frontier.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* writes a graphic letter descriptive of a wild carnival in a town on the Rio Grande. Among the events of the day, and the closing one, was the horse racing. There had been several minor "free for all" races in which the entries were so numerous that the horses dashed down the course wedged tightly together and the judges were at a loss whether to decide that all won or all lost. The great race was last of all. There were two entries. The ranger Terriente entered his black gelding Nigger, and Neuces Nick, another ranger, brought forward his bay gelding Lightning. These two horses were about equally matched but it was believed by the knowing-ones that Lightning was the better horse. There was considerable money staked on the result and Mustang Joe was a heavy backer of Lightning. He learned before the race was called that Lightning's owner was giving odds on the other horse, and he made up his mind that the boys were doing a little "jockeying," which would be sure to result in his pecuniary disadvantage. "Nigger" was ridden by a diminutive muchacho, who answered to the name of Pedro, and "Lightning" was mounted by a little black boy who lived across the river. Just before the drivers mounted their steeds "Neuces Nick" pushed his way to the side of the little darky and whispered something in his ear. The juvenile Fifteenth Amendment nodded and grinned. Mustang Joe saw this little by-play and walked down the track, taking up his position about midway between the start and finish. The distance to be run was a quarter of a mile, and after all preliminaries had been arranged the judges took up their positions, the horses were got ready and at the word they both sprang forward and dashed down the track side by side. It was plain to be seen from the first that Nigger was being "forced" to his best pace and that Lightning was being "pulled" by the tiny descendant of Ham perched on his back.

"Nigger'll win by a half neck!" cried one of the crowd, and just then the horses passed Mustang Joe.

"Lightning" was next to him, and he

yelled to the driver as the horses dashed past. The little negro turned his head, and Mustang Joe covered him with his six-shooter.

"Let out that hoss!" he cried, "or I'll blow ye full holes!"

The eyes of the Ethiopian rolled in their sockets—nothing could be seen but the whites, his teeth chattered, and he relaxed his grip on the bridle reins. Like a rocket Lightning shot forward past the other horse, and dashed across the finish about two lengths ahead. The backers of the bay horse cheered wildly; those who had a "sure thing" and lost on the black were correspondingly glum, and as "Mustang Joe" pocketed his winnings he winked slyly and said:

"Boys, when ye put up er job ter jockey' me ergin, why—don't do it!"

Probably this method of securing an honest winning would hardly be tolerated on the track of the Chicago Driving Park Association, but a great many races have occurred there, as they have on most courses, at the close of which a great many losers would like to have seen it tried.

## The Model Girl.

A newspaper writer thus describes the ideal girl:—I saw a girl come into a street-car the other day, who had, I was ready to bet, made her own dress, and how nice she did look. She was one of those clean, trim girls you see now and then. She was about 18 years old, and, to begin with, looked well-fed, healthy, and strong. She looked as though she had a sensible mother at home. Her face, and neck, and ears, and her hair were clean—absolutely clean. How seldom you see that. There was no powder, no paint on the smooth, rounded cheek, or firm, dimpled chin, none of the moist red lips; none on the shell tinted but too small ears; none on the handsome set neck—rather broad behind, perhaps, but running prettily up into the tightly corded hair. And the hair! It was of a light chestnut brown and glistened like specks of gold as the sun shone on it, and there was not a smear of oil or pomatum or cosmetic on it; there was not a spear astray about it, and not a pin to be seen in it. As the girl came in and took her seat she cast an easy, unembarrassed glance around the car from a well-opened gray eye, bright with the intangible light of "good condition," such as you see in some handsome young athletes who are "in training." There were no tags and ends, fringes, furbelows, or fluttering ribbons about her closely-fitting but easy suit of tweed, and as she drew off one glove to look in her purse for a small coin for her fare, I noticed that the gloves were not new, but neither were they old; they were simply well-kept, like the owner and their owner's hand, which was a solid hand, with plenty of muscle between the tendons, and with strong but supple fingers. It would have looked equally pretty fashioning a pie in a home kitchen, or folding a bandage in a hospital. It was a hand that suggested at the same time womanliness and work, and I was sorry when it found a five-cent piece and had been re-gloved. One foot was thrust out a little upon the slats of the car shod in a good walking-boot that might have plashed through a rain-storm without fear of damp stockings—an eminently sensible boot on a two and one-half foot, with a high instep, and a small round head and a fairly broad tread. The girl was a picture, from head to foot, she sat erect, disdainfully the support of the back of the seat, but devoid of all appearance of stiffness. Perhaps to the whole outfit to be seen, from hat to boots, did not cost \$40; but I have seen plenty of outfit costing more than ten times or even twenty times that, which did not look one tenth or even one-twentieth as well. If our girls only knew the beauty of mere simplicity, cleanliness, and health, and their fascination!

## Poker in Thompson Street.

It was a poker port, in Thompson street, and a big jack pot had been opened. There were evidently big hands, and the bets and excitement ran high. "Lookee hyer, Gus, whiffer yo' rise dat pot?" exclaimed Mr. Tooter Williams.

"Nebber yo' mind—yo' call, ef yo' isn't afraid—yes, yo' call—dat's all!" retorted Gus, sullenly. "I won't call! I rise yo' back," said Mr. Williams, whose vertebrae was ascending. "I rise yo' agin," retorted Gus.

And so they went at each other until chips, money and collaterals were gone. Mr. Williams concluded to call: "What yo' got, nigger, dat yo' do all dat risin' on? What yo' got, nubber?"

Gus laid down his hand—ace, king, queen, jack and ten of clubs. "Is dat good?" he inquired, beginning to size up the pot.

"No, dat's not good," said Mr. Williams, reaching down in his bootleg.

"What yo' got, den?" queried Gus. Mr. Williams looked at him fixedly.

"Ise jes' got two jacks an' a razzer."

"Dat's good," said Gus.—*Lafe.*

## VARIETIES.

A LITTLE Norfolk boy got a silver in his foot and a motion to poultice the wound, made by his mother and seconded by his grandmother, was carried in spite of his objections. He kicked and screamed and protested that he would not submit to any such indignity, but the majority against him was two to one, and the poultice was ready. It was arranged that the grandmother should apply the poultice while the patient's mother stood over him with a stick, with authority and instructions to apply that also if he made the least show of resistance. When all was ready the younger was placed on the bed and operations commenced. As the old poultice touched the boy's foot he opened his mouth to say something, but his mother, with the stick, ached him into silence. Again the boy strove to make himself heard, and again the uplifted stick warned him to keep quiet. In a short minute the poultice was firmly in place and the boy was tucked up in bed, there to remain until the medicine had done its work. As the urchin's tormentors moved away, a shrill, small voice came from under the bedclothes:

"You've dote on the wrong foot!"

An editor in Chicago recently ordered a pair of trousers from the tailor. On trying them to prove to be several inches too long. It being late on Saturday night the tailor's shop was closed, and the editor took the trou-

sers to his wife and asked her to cut them off and hem them over. The good lady, whose dinner had perhaps disagreed with her, brusquely refused. The same result followed an application to the wife's sister and eldest daughter. But before bed-time, the wife reluctantly took the pants, and cutting off six inches from the legs, hemmed them up nicely and restored them to the closet. Half an hour later her daughter, taken with compunction for her unskill conduct, took the trousers, and cutting off six inches, hemmed and replaced them. Finally, the sister-in-law met the pang of conscience, and she too performed an additional surgical operation on the garment. When the editor appeared at breakfast on Sunday morning the family thought a Highland chieftain had arrived.

"I say, Cousin John, what kind of a salve is that you advertise on your door-mat?"

A French investigator has discovered that the character of a person's dream depends in a great measure on which side the sleeper lies. The dreams of a lawyer, then, who habitually lies to both sides, must be very much mixed.

"Yes," said the Vermont deacon, "I always go down to camp meetin, and always come back feedin' good. Do you see that magnificence there is in it? We'd be bound you ought to have seen the old place I took down."

The dog has queer tastes in the matter of food. He wears his pants in his mouth.—*Montreal Tribune.* Nor is it particular about his own pants, either. We have known a dog to wear other people's pants in his mouth.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Nothing more disgraces a party of Newport fox hunters, than to have an old cow get ahead of them and go racing and sporting along, with her tail in the air and terror in her soul. It looks as though they were chasing the cow, and that's not an English custom.

"Ham! Gitten' cuter all the time, ain't yer? Try again! What did yer read on that sign say?"

"Nothing that I heard; it was perfectly dumb when I passed it."

"Hum! Gitten' cuter all the time, ain't yer?"

"Well, my friend, I didn't know I'd encoun-

tered the dog till you growled."

Mr. Blumberg and Mr. Blumenthal kept rival ready-made clothing shops at the East-End, within a few doors of each other. Mr. Blumberg was always to be found with his head out of the door, soliciting custom from the verdant passer-by. Mr. Blumenthal objected to this manner of doing business, having found that the watchful Blumberg had captured several of his customers; and one day he went up to Blumberg and said:

"Look here, Blumberg, vy don't you keep your ugly face inside? You might getter get a jackson to stand by de door. H' would pe a p'le improvement."

"V'ye," said Blumberg, "I did try dot vone, and all de people as dey pass by, say to me: Good day, Mr. Blumenthal; I see you have moved."

A YOUNG man hoping to make a favorable impression upon a young woman whom he loved, presented her with a \$350 skin-skin sash. A few days later he proposed, and was reluctantly accepted as a friend; "only that and nothing more."

He related the affair to his chum, who expressed great surprise over his refusal.

"Well, well," he said, "I have always thought that Miss B— was very fond of you. I'm; so she gave you the sack, did she?"

"Yes," was the mournful reply. "She gave me the sack, but it wasn't made of sea skin."

"I BELIEVE I'll have to reduce your wages, John!" said a miserly Blacksmith employer to one of his help the other day.

"Because things are coming down. The necessities of life are cheaper, and you can afford to get along on smaller pay."

"I should like to know what necessities of life are cheaper," said John. "Beef is as high as ever, flour hasn't dropped a cent, and coal is as dear as ever."

"Well," said the employer, as he turned away, "at any rate, the price of postage stamps has been reduced one-third."

A NEW England lady was asking her cook the other day about a waitress she proposed to hire, and said:

"Mary, is she Irish?"

"No, ma'm," said Mary, "she's American."

"What is her name, Mary?"

"Bridget O'Connor, ma'm."

"Why, then of course she is Irish, Mary."

"No, ma'm, she was born in Linn."

"Oh, but that makes no difference, Mary; she is not an American."

"Well, in faith, perhaps she ain't, ma'm. They tell me the real ones is red."

"Pa," said little Porkinpine, looking up from his paper, "Pa, it says the Queen fixed the ceremony of the dedication of the car to John Brown for September 1. What is a calvin?"

"It's Scotch for baby," said old Porkinpine, with the air of a man who throws off waves of information as a base bather throws off heat. "It's Scotch for baby, or little child. A Scotchman's children are his calvins, and I suppose the Queen is going to stand god-mother to one of Lord Brown's children, or calvus, as you say."

"It is a very bright paper," said Mrs. Jones, "but my husband does not like to have me read it. It is full of naughty witticisms, he says."

"That is just what my husband says," said Mrs. Smith, "but he brings home a copy every week, having merely cut out the improper paragraphs. Of course, I buy another copy."

"Then he might as well have saved himself the trouble of supplying a mutilated one."

"Indeed, no; it is very useful. One cannot read an entire newspaper. I lay his copy over mine and read through the holes."

It takes an Irishman to turn a compliment. When he saw Jones after having met the latter with Mrs. J., Pat McFlaherty said:

"Ye are much younger than yer wife, sur."

Finally he met the wife and remarked: "The son of such a young woman marrying Mrs. Jones!"

The next day he met them together, but he wasn't at a loss for blarney.

"Och," he exclaimed, "ye are both of ye too young for sich ather."

A FRIEND who dabbles in stocks walked into a well-known banking house last summer and created considerable excitement by remarking,

"I got a pretty good thing last winter. It was thirty-four then, and to-day it stands at ninety-six."

"Well, I should say so," exclaimed the senior partner. "But what was it?"

"It was a thermometer," replied the speculator.

Chaf.

There are very few ministers nowadays who can successfully preach the Gospel without an occasional trip to Europe.

The difference between a single colored man's nose and a white man's is a Western storm.

"I got a nice nose," said Mr. Stebbins, "is not necessarily prompt

by contemptible feelings, though he be moved by a low-cum motive.

"Did you notice the aesthetic appearance of Miss Goldigush, Amy?" asked the high school girl. "I noticed she had a pimple on her nose," replied Amy, "but I didn't know the doctor came from under the bedclothes."

(Continued from first page).

well-known breeder of Collie dogs, has recently sold animals to the following parties: Wm. Peckham, Devereaux, Mich.; J. Humberger, Shippensburg, Pa.; James Smith, Toledo; O. G. P. Strong, St. Louis, Mo.; S. D. Jaworski, Chicago, Ill., four; G. W. Witter, Waukesha, Wis.; Oscar Penn, Stanton, Mich.; M. J. Erichsen, Manitowoc, Wis., two; G. H. Tuguley, Brantford, Ont., four; Gordon, Aurora, Iowa, Mich.; J. D. Kercher, Hanover, Mich.; A. McKercher, Vernon, Mich.; A. B. Avery, Farmington, Mich.; Henry Walsh, Caebyough, Mich.; Thomas Dryer, Minnetonka, Minn.; W. H. Jeffrey, Ashland, O.; W. J. G. Dean, Hanover, Mich.; J. N. Smith, Bedell, Mich.; Jonathan Grove, Pewamo, Mich.; O. Grimes, Caledonia, Mich.; Morris Southard, Pittsburg, Mich.; M. Ackerman, Bennington, Mich.; W. Grant, Davenport, Iowa; W. B. Pierce, Englewood, Ill., two; James Kyne, Washington, Iowa. Mr. Armstrong is doing good work for the sheep interests of the country by breeding Collies, and when they are more generally kept by farmers, there will be fewer sheep killed by curs, and the farmer will have an efficient and faithful assistant in handling his stock. The Collie is not only a wonderfully intelligent dog, but there is no breed that is more faithful or will keep a better watch around his owner's premises. Some of the Collies owned by the drovers who come into the Detroit market are invaluable to their owners, and could not be purchased at any price.

**Buchu-Palba.**

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

**Veterinary Department**

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Sheep and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Subscribers may send specimens of this journal to regular subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the Michigan Farmer, and to enclose a small sum accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given the symptoms should be accurately described, and the name and address of the person who sent the specimen, and what treatment, if any, has been resorted to. Private address, 201 First Street, Detroit.

**Texas Cattle Fever.**

In reply to Mr. Thompson's request, which appears in a communication in another page of the FARMER, we would say the crowded condition of our columns will not permit of any lengthy remarks at this time; but in the near future we will make this a subject for review. The Grand Blanc herd, previously noticed in the local press as having been exposed to and contracted that very remarkable and fatal disease known as Texas Fever, naturally created general alarm among the farmers in the neighborhood; and there is just cause for the alarm from the rapidity with which the disease runs its course to a fatal termination. Our success in the treatment of Texas Fever is due to a complete revolution in prescribing and administering medicinal agents, not only in this but in all diseases of a low, typhoid character, in which category we place Texas Fever in cattle and puerperal, or milk fever in cows. The time worn depletive measures we abandoned, with good results, years ago; and substituted a generous diet, and sustaining course of medication, which in our hands has happily proven satisfactory to Mr. Thompson and ourself.

**Cuticular Disease.**

LANSING, Mich., Dec. 2, '83.  
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—I have a six-year-old mare that has been troubled with small lumps coming out all over her body last spring. Gave her sulphate of soda and they all disappeared; now they are returning; the lumps are about the size of a hickorynut; they are some days very thick, then at other times not perceptible; there never has been any discharge of matter from them; the mare is in good flesh, looks well and feels well. Hair is smooth and shiny.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The trouble with your mare is one of the many varieties of cutaneous disease to which the horse more than any other animal is subject; the result of some derangement of the digestive organs. With the symptoms so briefly described, we are unable to make a clear or satisfactory diagnosis. We naturally infer that the animal is in a full or plethoric condition. We will give her by way of treatment, the following: Socrinoe aloes, 2 ounces; nitrate of potassa, pulv. and Jamaica ginger, pulv., of each one ounce; mix and divide into 12 powders. Give one in the feed, or on the tongue, twice a day. Place the animal in a comfortable place, then scrub her all over with castile soap and water. Then sponge the body all over with Evinco liniment diluted with equal parts of water. One or two applications are sufficient.

**Indigestion.**

DEER PARK, Ont., Dec. 6, 1882.  
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, especially of its veterinary column, and articles on stock, and knowing the reputation Dr. Jennings has among stock owners, I venture to ask a few questions for my own, and the benefit of your many readers. I have a grey gelding, eight years old, that I cannot get into condition. The coat staves, but he feeds well. Give him four quarts of oats three times per day, and the ordinary quantity of hay. He hangs very fat and often, especially when driving, and it seems strong enough, though healthy. He voids urine very often, and seems to have quite a difficulty in voiding it. The quantity is small, and the smell strong, but thick and creamy. A Toronto veterinary attended him a month or more ago, and promised to make him, after a stay in his stable for two weeks, "so much better that I would not know him." Well, I know the horse just the same, and he is not better. So if you can do anything for him, no one will be more grateful than yours truly,

A. M. Y.

Answer.—From your brief description of the symptoms observed in your horse we are inclined to regard the trouble as indigestion, the urinary organs acting in sympathy; the strong fetor accompanying the evacuations indicate such a condition. Treatment—Give the following powders in the feed or on the tongue: Socrinoe aloes, pulv., two ozs.; Jamaica ginger and nitrate potassa, pulv., of each one oz.; willow charcoal, pulv., half an ounce. Mix all together and divide into

12 powders. If he refuses to eat them in his feed, mix in molasses and smear on the tongue night and morning. Report to us when the powders are all given.

**Fistula of the Lip—Tumors in Dentition.**

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer. I have a two-year-old colt on whose lip appeared a white, small bunch last spring; this lump grew in size and finally broke and discharged matter. Instead of healing, it grew and discharged more or less at times all summer. There appeared to be pits or tubes formed through the bunch, which discharged both inside and outside of the lip. At times large bunches or lumps would form under the jaw, and disappear, and then grow again. Some time in October I had this growth on the lip cut out—dead flesh, pits and all. This required two operations. It is now apparently healing over and getting well. About two weeks since a similar lump was observed under the jaw on the right side, which appears to be tender and growing in size. Now will this last swelling need operation? Can some blistering ointment be used on it, to cause it to separate or discharge of itself? Is the first lump the result of a bruise or bite of some reptile, or is it something else? Do these sores indicate blood poisoning, or what? What is the remedy?

O. R. PATTENGELL.

Answer.—The tumor on the lip of your colt evidently was of a fistulous character. If all the pipes have been removed, it will heal without further trouble. In consideration of the animal's age we are inclined to believe the swellings on the under jaw need occasion no alarm; as such tumors are observed in the lower jaw of many thin-boned colts, caused by the roots of the permanent molar teeth during the period of dentition. Usually there are three on either side, but seldom more than one appears at the same time; so their appearance and disappearance need not occasion any uneasiness.

**A Letter of Inquiry.**

UNION CITY, Dec. 10, 1883.  
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have seen your books "The Horse and His Diseases," "Cattle and Their Diseases," and "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," mentioned in the Michigan Farmer. Would you send me the above books with the privilege of returning if not what I want? I need such books, but can't find anything that is reliable. Please answer through the FARMER, or by postal. If possible, I will send money at once; say within a week, either money or books.

Yours, A. S. WAS.

Answer.—The works of Prof. R. Jennings are recognized authority in our courts of law. They are written in plain English, in three octavo volumes, embracing 1,239 pages, printed on good paper, in clear, open type, and illustrated with over 200 wood engravings; price, \$1.75 per copy. The three will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of \$4.50. Purchasers are at liberty to examine the works at Prof. R. Jennings' office, No. 201 First Street, Detroit, but we cannot send the books on any other terms.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives an appetite, and imparts new life and energy to all the function of the body. Try a bottle and realize it.

**COMMERCIAL.****DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.**

DETROIT, Dec. 18, 1883.

**Flour.**—Receipts for the week, 4,037 bbls, against 3,513 bbls last week, and 5,616 bbls for the corresponding week in 1882. Shipments, 3,878 bbls. Market quiet, steady and unchanged. Stocks are very light, and millers are limiting production. The demand for wheat is very light. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Michigan white wheat, choice, \$4.75 @ \$4.90  
Michigan white wheat, No. 2, \$4.00  
Michigan white wheat, patents, 5.75 @ \$6.00  
Minnesota, bakers, 5.75 @ \$6.00  
Minneapolis, patents, 7.25 @ \$7.50  
Rye, 2.75

**Wheat.**—After a week of dullness the wheat market toned up yesterday, and an advance at all points is noted in both spot and futures. Closing prices were as follows on cash wheat: No. 1 white, \$10.93c; No. 2 white, 85c; No. 3 red, \$1.04c. On futures: January, \$1.65c; February, \$1.07; March, \$1.12c.

**Corn.**—Market weaker and lower. No. 2 is selling at 55c; No. 2 for January delivery at 56c; new, mixed at 58½c, and old rejected at 54½c. Street prices, 48c/50c.

**Oats.**—Quiet. Quotations are 37c for No. 2 white, and 35c for No. 2 mixed. Street prices, 48c/50c.

**Barley.**—Fine western samples are quoted at \$1.06/1.08 per bushel, and Canada barley about 5c less. State is selling at \$1.25/1.45 per cwt., and on the street at 60c/70c per bushel.

**Oatsmeal.**—Demand good and prices steady. Ohio and Illinois selling at \$6.00/6.50 per bushel. **Cornmeal.**—Fine and steady at \$2.25 per cwt. for fresh ground.

**Feed.**—Very quiet, and prices somewhat unsteady. Bran is nominal at \$18.00/18.30, and fine middlings at \$16.00/17.10; coarse at \$14.00.

**Canned Meal.**—Demand active; for Detroit brand quotations are \$1.50 per sack in retail lots, and \$8.00 per ton sacked, in one or two tons, f.o.b. o.b.

**Apples.**—The market is very quiet, but prices show no change. Small orders are being filled at \$7.75/8.25.

**Beans.**—Inactive and depressed; pickets are quoting at \$2.00/2.15 for their best stock; unpicked are not quoted at over \$1.20/2.01 per bushel. From farmers' wagons buyers are paying \$1.00/1.25.

**Butter.**—Market quiet. Choice is scarce, and fine creamery is quoted at \$20/22 per lb. Good fair butter at \$20.20/22 per lb., and low grade butter at \$20/24c.

**Cheese.**—Market steady. Full cream State are quoted at 14½@15c per lb., and second quality at 13½@14c.

**Honey.**—Quiet. New comb is offered at 120c per pound.

**Hops.**—Market quiet. Receivers are offering 180c/190c per lb., according to quality, for State. New are quoted at \$20/22c for the best stock.

**Dressed Meats.**—Firm and steady; good hogs over 200 lbs. are worth \$5.25@5.50 per hundred; light weights, \$5.00@5.25.

**Clover Seed.**—Steady at \$6 per bushel, for spot, and \$6 for January delivery.

**Potatoes.**—The market is quiet and steady with only a local demand. Quotations are \$0.50/cwt. for early Rose.

**Hickory Nuts.**—In good supply at \$1.25 for shell-barks and at \$0.75 for large nuts.

**Maple Sugar.**—Quiet at 11@12c; syrup, 75@90 per gallon.

**Onions.**—Dull and lower at \$1.00/1.20.

**Provisions.**—The market is very firm, and barrel-pork and lard are firmer, smoked meats steady and unchanged; mess and dried beef steady; tallow unchanged. The Chicago market is firm and higher for all pork products. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mees, new, 15 60 @ 15 25

Mees, old, 15 20 @ 15 25

Lard in pieces, per lb., 94c @ 94c

Lard in kgs., per lb., 130c @ 130c

Choice bacon, per lb., 94c @ 94c

Extra Mes., per lb., 11 50 @ 11 75

Dried beef, per lb., 13c @ 13c

Hay.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week:

Monday—28 loads; six at \$13; five at \$11; four at \$10; two at \$10, \$15 and \$20; one at \$14, \$19 and \$20.

Tuesday—28 loads; six at \$13; five at \$11; four at \$10; two at \$10, \$15 and \$20; one at \$14, \$19 and \$20.

Wednesday—25 loads; seven at \$11 and \$12; five at \$10; two at \$10, \$15 and \$20.

Thursday—21 loads; seven at \$11; three at \$10; two at \$10, \$15 and \$20.

Friday—21 loads; seven at \$11; three at \$10; two at \$10, \$15 and \$20.

Saturday—21 loads; seven at \$11; three at \$10; two at \$10, \$15 and \$20.

Sunday—21 loads; seven at \$11; three at \$10; two at \$10, \$15 and \$20.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

At the Michigan Central Yards, Saturday, Dec. 15, 1883.

The following were the receipts at these yards:

Cattle, Sheep, Hogs.

No. No. No. No.

Ann Arbor 19 20 177

Building 30 186

Battle Creek 30 186

Brighton 30 186

Canton 20 186

Clyde 20 186

Chester 20 186

Colon 20 186

Coldwater 20 186

Dexter 20 186

D. G. & M. R. 54 341

Eagle 20 186

East Lansing 20 186

Grand Blanc 38 493

Grand Ledge 18 186

High Lake 18 186

Howell 169 116

Jackson 12 51

Lansing 29 186

Milford 11 186

Mason 27 186

Marshall 56 66

Nov. 25 66

Okemos 25 66

Orion 25 66

Okemos 18 44

Portland 67 394

Port Huron 19 186

Port Huron 19 186

Port Huron